

# Life

December 13, 1929

PRICE 10 CENTS



# WHAT



## CONSTITUTES A TRULY MODERN MOTOR CAR?

PICTURE A \$20,000 MADE-TO-ORDER AUTOMOBILE  
COMPARE THAT CAR WITH STUTZ OR BLACKHAWK  
CHECK YOUR OWN ANSWERS TO THESE FOURTEEN QUESTIONS

Suppose you were willing to pay \$20,000 for an automobile made to your order, the last word in style, beauty and performance-with-safety. In writing your specifications, you would want to answer all the questions listed below:

1. Would you subject yourself and your family to the dangers of flying glass? Or would you equip your \$20,000 automobile with safety glass all around?

I would ☐ Ordinary glass  
have ☐ Safety glass

Safety glass all around was pioneered by Stutz four years ago.

2. Would you be content with the ordinary three-speed transmission? Or would you prefer the more modern four-speed transmission?

I would ☐ Ordinary three-speed transmission  
have ☐ Transmission with four speeds forward

The Stutz transmission, with four speeds forward, provides superior performance and longer car life. The trend is toward four speeds.

3. Would you be satisfied with the conventional car which rolls backward on inclines when brakes are released? Or would you prefer Stutz Noback, which automatically prevents undesired back-rolling on inclines?

I would ☐ Ordinary car without Noback  
have ☐ The added protection of Noback

4. Would you select the conventional L-head type of engine? Or would you insist upon having the added efficiency of the valve-in-head engine?

I would ☐ Conventional type, L-head engine  
have ☐ Advanced type, valve-in-head engine

The Stutz valve-in-head line-eight engine is not only more powerful, it is also quiet, smooth and economical.

5. Would you accept valves actuated by rocker arms, with their greater noise and greater area of wearing surfaces? Or would you insist upon having the overhead camshaft with its direct-acting, simple and quiet valve operation?

I would ☐ Conventional push-rods and rocker arms  
have ☐ Stutz silent overhead camshaft

As compared with rocker-arm valve mechanism, the Stutz overhead camshaft eliminates 192 wearing surfaces.

6. Would you be content with the single ignition found in ordinary cars? Or would you prefer dual ignition with two spark plugs for each

cylinder, insuring greater power and economy?

I would ☐ Single ignition  
have ☐ Dual ignition

Dual ignition is one of the many features of advanced engineering found on Stutz and Blackhawk.

7. Would you want your engine to have the less efficient single carburetion as originally designed for four-cylinder cars? Or would you prefer the greater engine efficiency made possible by dual carburetion?

I would ☐ A single carburetor  
have ☐ Dual carburetion

Dual carburetion and dual intake contribute to the outstanding performance of Stutz and Blackhawk cars.

8. Would you be willing to have an automobile equipped with ordinary oil and grease cups? Or would you like the latest, Stutz one-thrust chassis lubrication system which feeds oil to all moving parts of the chassis in one operation?

I would ☐ Ordinary oil and grease cups  
have ☐ One-thrust lubrication system

One-thrust chassis lubrication is among the many convenience features of the Stutz and Blackhawk.

9. Would you expect your \$20,000 automobile to be equipped with ordinary headlights? Or would you prefer Ryan-Lites, which give long range without dangerous glare and which give side-illumination with added protection for night driving?

I would ☐ Ordinary headlights  
have ☐ New and improved Ryan-Lites

Ryan-Lites, standard equipment on Stutz and Blackhawk, are the only automobile lights that meet all legal requirements everywhere.

10. Would you be content with the conventional bevel gear drive? Or would you have the improved worm drive rear axle which permits the floorboards to be lowered 20 per cent and lowers the center of weight of the entire car?

I would ☐ Conventional rear axle  
have ☐ Worm drive rear axle

Worm drive is one of the fundamentals of Stutz-Blackhawk advanced engineering.

11. Would your made-to-order car be of the conventional type, with a relatively high center of weight? Or would you build safety into your car by lowering the center of weight?

I would ☐ Conventional car, relatively unsafe  
have ☐ Safety Stutz with low center of weight

Stutz low center of weight, made possible by worm drive, means better roadability, greater ease of control, improved riding, greater performance and greater safety.

12. Would you be content with the ordinary type of chassis frame, which yields to torsional strains? Or would you insist upon having a massive double-drop frame providing utmost safety?

I would ☐ Ordinary chassis frame  
have ☐ Massive double-drop frame

The Stutz double-drop frame has seven cross members, five of them tubular.

13. Would you have ordinary running boards suspended on brackets and hence easily collapsible in case of side collision? Or would you feel safer with Stutz side-bumper steel running boards built integral with frame?

I would ☐ Running boards suspended on brackets  
have ☐ Side-bumper steel running boards integral with frame

Stutz side-bumper steel running boards integral with the frame protect the occupants of the car in case of side-collision.

14. Would you specify conventional brakes with just ordinary braking power? Or would you feel safer with Stutz Feathertouch Booster Brakes?

I would ☐ Ordinary conventional brakes  
have ☐ Feathertouch Booster Brakes

Stutz is safest because it can stop in three fifths the distance required by conventional cars.

Of course you would want all the advantages listed above if you purchased a \$20,000 made-to-order car. But think how much easier it is to get them in a Stutz or Blackhawk.

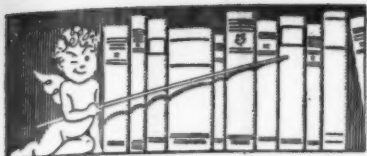
Stutz has them all and instead of paying \$20,000, you pay \$2,995 to \$8,500 for a Stutz or \$1,995 to \$2,735 for a Blackhawk.

In no other American car will you find this combination of features, this advanced engineering which has made Stutz the embodiment of performance-with-safety.

## NEW SERIES SAFETY STUTZ AND BLACKHAWK CARS

STUTZ MOTOR CAR COMPANY OF AMERICA, INC., INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

NO OTHER CAR MAKER COULD TRUTHFULLY SIGN THIS ADVERTISEMENT



## From the New Books

Ah, Morgan, as I watch the ticker  
spurt on,  
I am not angry, only sad and hurt,  
I am no weakling, and I'll keep my  
shirt on,  
If the man who has it will return my  
shirt.  
—From *The Lost Shirt*,  
by Joseph Anthony.

There has never, to my knowledge,  
been a case of a young lady telling her  
mother that she wanted to go to New  
York because she was seeking an out-  
let for her erotic eagerness. It was  
always concerts that she wanted. Often  
it turned out to be concerts that she got.  
—From *Is Sex Necessary?*  
by James Thurber-E. B. White.

Nobody wants to work, except dumb-  
bells, unless he's working at something  
that really is fun for him. And then  
if he has to do that to earn a living  
it stops being fun and gets to be work.  
—From *Louis Beretti*,  
by Donald Henderson Clarke.

He was just leaving the foyer when  
the phone rang again. Helen swept  
past him and answered it. "It's for  
you," she said unexpectedly. It was  
Carl Feldman.

"Say, Scott, I hear you sold your  
business."

"Yeh."

"To the McKay Brothers, huh?"

"Yeh."

"That's great. I couldn't hardly be-  
lieve it though. I had to call you up  
to make sure."

"Yeh, I sold it."

"Tired of working, eh?"

"That's right."

"Well, gee, that's great. I couldn't  
hardly believe it though."

"Yeh, I sold it at two o'clock today."

"To the McKay Brothers, eh?"

"Yeh. I got tired of working hard."

"Ha ha. So you sold the business,  
eh? Well that's great. I couldn't  
hardly believe it though. I had to call  
you up to make sure. Well, good luck,  
Scott, I just thought I'd give you a  
ring."

—From *Kept Woman*,

by Vina Delmar.

There's nothin' smart about winnin'  
a girl. Shakin' one is the real test.  
—Abe Martin's *Town Pump*,

by Kin Hubbard.



ENGLAND expects every pen to do its  
duty—and so selects the Swan to do its  
writing. For Swan ETERNAL PENS have never  
failed, on land or sea, at home or in the  
tropics. They write like velvet, at the lightest  
touch, and keep on writing that way—for  
Swan ETERNAL PENS are guaranteed eternally.

From FIVE to TEN DOLLARS

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BRUSSELS

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PARIS



# Rip Van Winkles

*REMEMBER* Washington Irving's lovable, irresponsible Rip Van Winkle? How persistently he tricked himself! Time and again when temptation was too strong and nature too weak, he would lift his glass and say, "I won't count this one".

**T**HERE are many Rip Van Winkles in the world right now—some are weak in self-control; some are sadly behind the times in a matter of vital importance to them. They are the unfortunates among the million diabetics in the United States today.

Old Rip's giant spree put him to sleep for twenty years—but "food sprees" are bringing death to present-day Rip Van Winkles because they lack self-control or lack knowledge as to what insulin can do for them.

Thanks to insulin, a diabetic is not confined nowadays to a scanty, spirit-breaking diet. He can have varied and much more appetizing food than was allowed in the old days. But even now, if he fails to find out what he should eat and drink—or if he fails to be steadfast in obeying orders—he practically commits suicide.

When diabetes attacks, it has come to stay. It rarely gives up. A diabetic has one of two choices, either to put up a cheerful, continuous fight or weakly surrender. Half-way defense spells defeat. But a courageous, unyielding fight is almost sure to win.

One great danger is that with the aid of insulin and correct diet, the diabetic feels so much better that he is lulled into a false sense of security. He takes liberties with his diet or neglects to take the insulin as directed. Then, with crushing swiftness, diabetes may claim another victim.

Thousands of diabetics are not even aware of the fact that they are in danger because

they have not had a physical examination which would have revealed the presence of this old enemy of mankind and because, also, during most of its course, diabetes is painless.

Of the 20,000 deaths caused by diabetes last year in the United States, 8,000 were of the acute type ending in coma. Yet a world-famous specialist says, "Diabetic coma is always preventable and nearly always curable . . . Many of my patients have actually lived longer than would have been expected of them had they been normal, healthy people".

The deathrate from diabetes is rising. It can be forced downward. The Metropolitan's booklet, "Diabetes," together with recently published information for physicians and their patients on prevention of diabetic coma, will be mailed free on request.

Ask for Booklet 130 F.



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**METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY**  
 FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT  
 ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.



# Life



*"Peace on earth—"*



"I wouldn't have the patience."

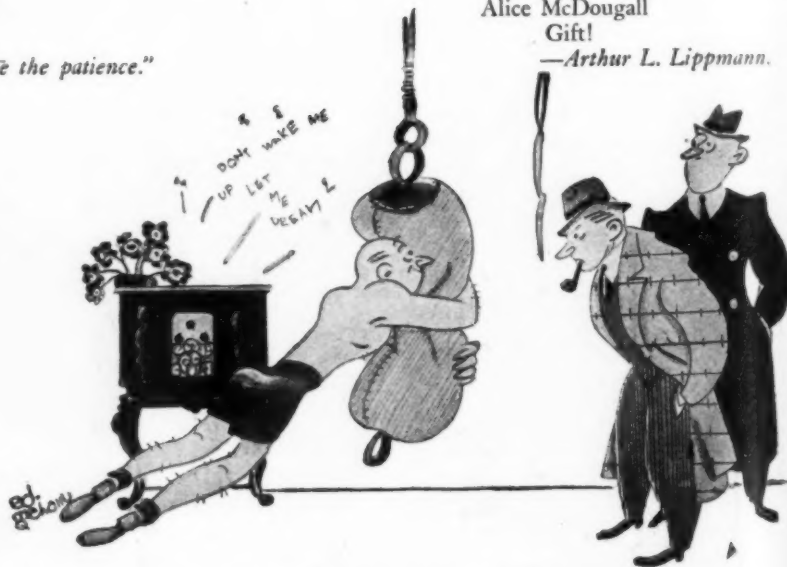
### Weather Prophet's Dictionary

Heat Wave: Cool and snappy.  
 Cold Wave: All heat records for month broken.  
 Fair and Warmer: Blustering rains followed by sleet.  
 Cloudy and cool: Scorching suns.  
 Mild Showers: Cloud-bursts.  
 Snow: Fair and warmer.

A debutante tells us that sometimes she wishes that she had gotten married when she was a young girl last year.

FRIEND: Have you a garage?

MOTORIST: I don't know. My wife just went down to get the car out of it.



PUG: I'm doin' a little training for my next fight!

### Give Me Crazy Christmas Gifts!

I'm weary, I'm weary of sensible gifts,  
 Reflecting the height of good taste,  
 And yearn for those gay, indefensible gifts,

The purchase of which is a waste.  
 You'll give me, I trust, something easy to bust,

Something foolish my spirits to lift—  
 Some utterly silly,  
 Bought willy-nilly,  
 Frivolous, frilly  
 Gift!

Oh, spare me, oh, spare me a wearable gift

Like ear-laps or arm-bands, I pray,  
 And slip me a tinselled and tearable gift—

As long as it's gaudy and gay.  
 So please send to me to be tied to my tree,

While thumbing our noses at Thrift,  
 A loco and dashy,  
 Rococo and flashy,  
 Delightfully trashy  
 Gift!

Perfectos, pajamas, non-ravelling socks,  
 Suspenders and shirts I've galore.

I've pencils and penknives and traveling clocks,

So I'm unreceptive to more!  
 A gift to amuse, one I *never* can use  
 I'd like—(Are you catching my drift?)—

Some farthest-from-frugal,  
 Giddy-as-Google,  
 Alice McDougall  
 Gift!

—Arthur L. Lippmann.

## BRIDGE BALLADS

You're bound to meet him, more or less,  
The bird who says, "Who dealt this mess?"

To him it's always fresh and new,  
He pulls it every hand or two  
And seems surprised this bit of chaff  
Does not, at all times, win a laugh;  
And if it never does, he will  
Indubitably say it still.

Someday somebody's going to rise  
And punch his beak and close his eyes  
And spread him 'round the place, with  
glee.

(Perhaps "Somebody" will be me.)  
And when his late remains are found  
Scattered about upon the ground,  
The Coroner will say, "Ah, yes;  
The question is, 'Who dealt this  
mess?'" —Berton Braley.



"And please bring me that book on roughing it in Siberia."

## Greater Luck Hath No Man

NED: Why do you call Ted the luckiest man you ever knew?

RED: He's got a wife and a cigarette lighter—and they both work.

A super-newspaper feature would be one in which Brisbane's "To-Day" had been combined with Ripley's "Believe It or Not."

BIG GAME HUNTER: Why the deuce didn't you shoot? That hippo nearly got me.

HIS WIFE: But George, you told me this was an elephant gun.

Senator Brookhart ought to make a good man for the news-reel talkie which Sees All—Hears All—Tells All.

The new idea of remote control for radios—the control in one room and the radio in another room—would be much better if the controls were connected to your neighbors' radios.

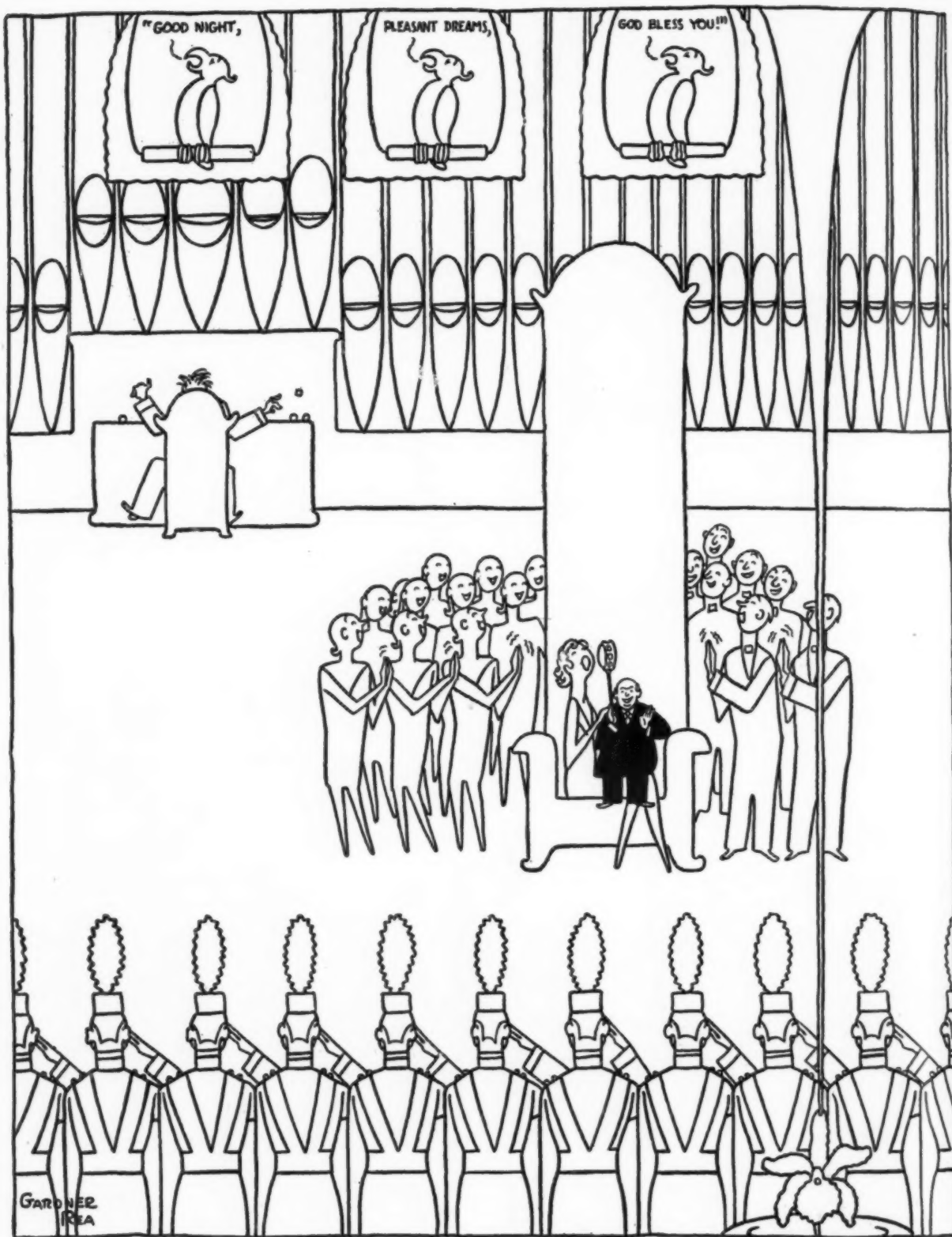
## Great American Institutions

Sellree  
Beef Bullyun  
Breakfas Sawsidges  
Maple Sirp



"Yoo-hool Mr. MacNamee!"





Impressions of Radio Hours.  
*Roxy.*



# Short Stories of Life



## Love Is Kitchen!

By Marian Deitrick

### Characters:

CORER; a young lady who is tray chic. An awful MASHER, who wears a stove-pipe hat.

The CUP; a gallon-bowl officer of the law.

Scene: A street. (Enter CORER, followed by MASHER).

MASHER: Ahem, lady, you dropped your handkerchief—oh, won't you let me stew-pan pick it up for you?

CORER (warningly): Yc ' had butter-churn around and beat it quick!

MASHER (aside): I thought my gal was grate, but oh boy, cheese-grater! (To CORER): We have had a bit of coal-hod we not, tonight?

CORER (angrily): If I was not a lady, I wood-box your ears!

MASHER (sociably): Let us go out together sometime oven evening—we would make a fine match!

CORER (threateningly): Oil-stove in your face for you!

MASHER (entreatingly): Ah, sugar-can you be so mean? (Aside) Let us see what a pretty flour-can do!

CORER (sarcastically): Sir, you are very cleaver!

MASHER (aside): She spurns me,



bottle-opener eyes! (To CORER) Look, I have brought you a n-icebox of candy! Just see what a n-icebox-drain no nicer anywhere!

CORER (disdainfully): Heh, heh—you are indeed very slicer!

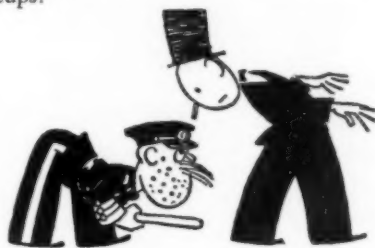
MASHER (softly): Oh, won't you let me pot my arms around you?

CORER (firmly): I will tell Par on you and that will make Parboil! Sauté-ke yourself off, fry don't like you, see?

MASHER (persuasively): Oh, lid me pot my arm around your waste—can I, huh? Surely you can not refuse—can you?

CORER (icily): You are the freshest guy I ever saucer! Stop—I'll huller! (Screams).

MASHER (agitatedly): Cheese it, the cups!



(Enter CUP, running)

CUP: I hardware a lady was in distress, so I have come to res-skewer.

CORER: Oh, officer, dish-wiper attacked me!

CUP (nobly): I do not care a nickel-ware the ladies is concerned, but I will fight through thick and tin-ware they is in trouble!

CORER: I de-spice him! He tried to as-salt me!

CUP (sympathetically): And of course no nice young lady like you would let such a lemon-squeezer! (Sternly, to MASHER) Where did you meat-dish lady, hey?

MASHER (coolly): I have known her a long time—ice pick to her every day.

CORER: It's a lye!

CUP (to MASHER): Yeh, soda's your old man! Have a care—ammonia trail, mister!

CORER: Well, how about pudding-dish bum in jail, huh?

CUP: O. K., lady, we will grill him and give him six months by the col-ander!

MASHER (groaning): Oh, how waffle-iron-y!

CUP (sternly): Come on, now—don't get no flipper!

MASHER (resisting): Honest, officer, I wooden-spoon no more!

CUP: So I'll have to batter you, hey? Well, here is a swift cake in the pans!

MASHER: Lard have mercy!

CORER (rushing forward suddenly):

Stop! Doughnut-dough that to him!

CUP: Say, lady, are you cook-oo?

CORER (weeping softly): Let us show pity tureen the likes of him! That is the soup-reme test of virtue!

CUP: Them wise crocks is too much for me, lady!

CORER (gently, to CUP): You may go—forget that I ever caldrion you.

CUP (bewilderedly): Well, ladies is certainly a gol-dang griddle!

(Exit CUP)

CORER (weeping): Oh, dishes terrible!

MASHER (heroically): It is nothing—I am not thinking of my-shelf.

CORER (tenderly, to MASHER): Why, you are all cupboard with bruises!

MASHER (aside): She is crying, but I sink I can stopper. (To CORER) Again I offer you my love, although I don't water-faucet upon you!

CORER (shyly): If you would keep your pan-cleaner, you would not be so bad.

MASHER (sternly): Is this a proper moment to be roasting-pans? (Gently) But never mind—your love has bean-pot to the test!

CORER (passionately): I promise that tile always be true!

MASHER: Will you give me your pitcher?

CORER: If you will give me ewers.



MASHER (happily): Ah, now my heart no longer eggs, although once you made it egg-beater-ly!

CORER: Yes, we shall be happy now, bean-dish is our wedding day!

MASHER (anxiously): But how can I be shirrer of your love?

CORER (fondly): Poacher arms around me, honey—for after all, conversation is a dumb-waiter show affection!

(Curtain)



CHESTER L. GANDY

"Do you mind if we go through youse?"



PARTY GUEST: My mother telephoned for me twice, why is she in such a hurry?  
HOSTESS: I guess she wants to get you home before you bust!

## Scott Shots

As we grow older we realize that Santa Claus doesn't really come down the chimney; he just enters through a large hole in the pocketbook.

The modern boy is machine-minded and can easily run almost anything except an errand.

All roads lead to Rome and all detours lead to misery.

We'd like to be a happy-go-lucky fellow, but every time we try it we're just happy-go-broke.

Money won't buy everything unless you have a lot of it.

Wall Street saying—A profit is not without honor save on paper.

The only way to get ahead in New York is to stay out of traffic.

Already we have the paper towel, the paper cup and the paper napkin, and let's hope that no one invents the paper umbrella or the paper flask.

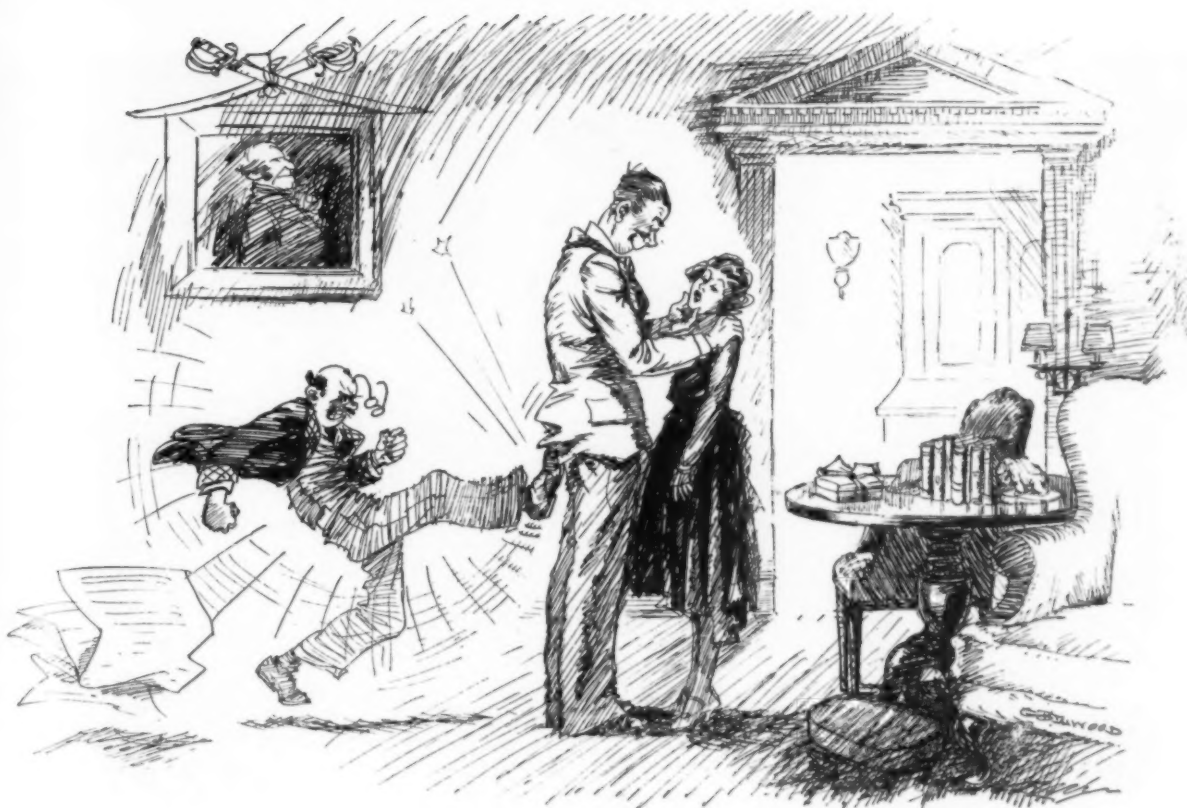
The chief trouble with the newspaper game is that it's suffering very badly from tabloid fever.

Apartment dweller's question—is there a janitor in the house?

The pioneer family suffered hardships in a covered wagon, but the modern family's hardships come through an uncovered margin.

—W. W. Scott.





BOY FRIEND: Winnie, will your fawther be with us all evening?

### Anagrins

- (1) Scramble *lifer* with an *e* and get something the farmer can't order from Montgomery Ward.
- (2) Scramble *kings* with an *i* and get some sport.
- (3) Scramble *adorers* with a *t* and get something to take them out in.
- (4) Scramble *voiced* with an *r* and get the answer to all marriage problems.
- (5) Scramble *oracle* with an *i* and get something in your food.
- (6) Scramble *comber* with an *i* and get something else in your food.

Answers on page 31

Today there is no such thing as a failure; a man either becomes a success or a vice-president.

And then again, if a fellow was twins he could be in Canada and Cuba at the same time.

About the only way to get motorists to look at scenery is to have it painted on the billboards.

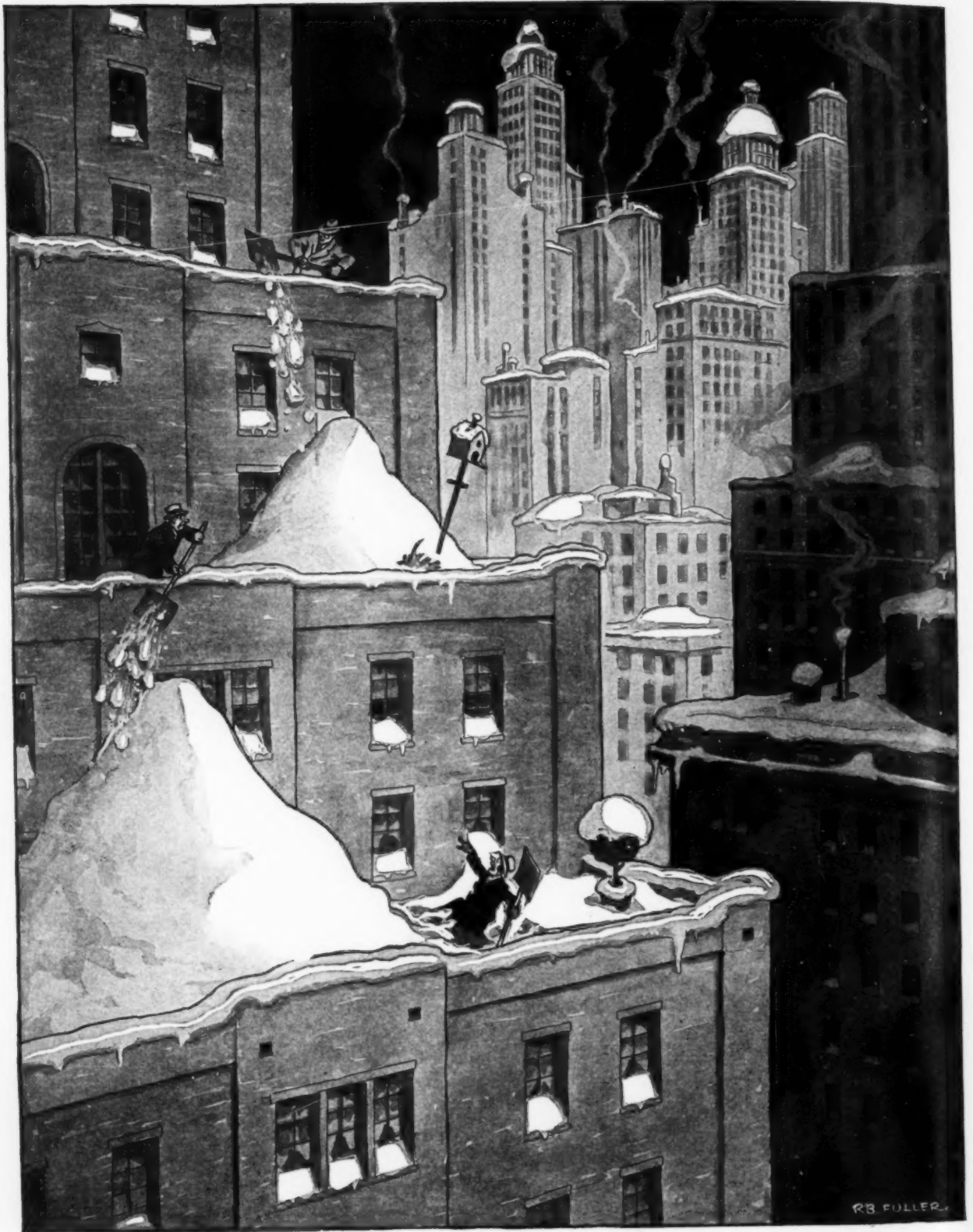
### Great American States

Pantzylvanya  
Jawja  
Taxes  
Illnoy

You can put the weather stripping around your windows yourself simply by hiring an experienced workman to come help you and then staying out of his way.



HEAD TRAINER (to new assistant): And, mind you, if I ever catch you smoking on the job, why you're through!



*"Hey! You up there!"*

# Life at Home



DANVILLE, Va.—Eight-year-old Angus Douglas Winn has been invited to preach to the congregation of a Danville, Va., church by its pastor. The child has shown a striking religious attitude for the past two years, which is ascribed by his mother to prenatal influence. She says she has desired to rear a child for the ministry. This little boy has already read through the Bible twice and can quote long excerpts from it.

"Guilty ashz csharzshed!"



COLUMBIA, S. C.—A jury in a lower court convicted George Buckhalter of possessing intoxicating liquors after it had spent three hours in deliberation and consumed forty-seven bottles of homebrew which was allegedly his. Now the South Carolina Supreme Court has to decide whether a jury which drank up the evidence can rightfully return a verdict of guilty of possession of intoxicating liquors.

TRENTON—It is legal to call a New Jersey official a muttonhead—thus ruled the Supreme Court in the case of Frank Rutherbeck vs. William Knubel, acting as clerk in a Bergen County District Court.

"A muttonhead, as defined by the dictionary," the Court ruled, "is a dull, heavy, uninteresting person. That the dignity of the clerk may have been ruffled by the language is possible, but that it was 'indecent' or otherwise disorderly we think is unestablished. The conviction is set aside." Rutherbeck had been fined \$100 in lower courts.

TALLAHASSEE, Fla.—L. A. Tatum and A. Pritchard, reformers, printed excerpts from textbooks on "sex relations" used in the schools, and circulated them in an appeal to have the books suppressed. Now the Federal Government is suing them for sending obscene matter through the mails.

CHICAGO—The favorite book of University of Chicago students is the Bible. Forty per cent of the students gave the Bible as their first choice. Shakespeare's works were a close second with thirty-three per cent. Modern novels and mystery stories were far behind. *More fall fiction!*

WASHINGTON, D. C.—A claim has been brought against the U. S. Government for supplies furnished George Washington's Revolutionary Army by the so-called Richardson estate. It is claimed that the sum of \$6,056 and accrued interest is due the heirs of James Bell, who went into debt to that amount to furnish the Revolutionary Army a few days rations while campaigning in New Jersey.



WASHINGTON, D. C.—The Government has improved the "stickum" on the backs of stamps. The new gum is guaranteed as pure as candy, not too sweet, the same quality being used on a two-cent stamp as on a special delivery. *And the "stickum" on our Income Tax is pretty good too.*

WASHINGTON—If modern inventions are destroying American home life, an exception is seen by Vice President Curtis. "This is not true of radio," he said in a radio address. "It holds a unique place in that it is returning us to our firesides." *How about the market?*

## and Elsewhere



LONDON, Eng.—Rev. Basil Jellico, cousin of Admiral Jellico, is the first English parson to establish and conduct a model, reformed "pub" in connection with his Mission. He will live on the premises and promises a "clean, roomy, beer house and good food." "Men can't chat and be entertained in the dens they go to now," he says, "where only those who go on drinking are allowed to stay."

ROME—Mussolini has passed a law to punish spendthrifts, and under this ruling Carlo Marracini was given three years in prison for wasting a fortune of a million lire on wine and women. This law does not apply to foreigners.

PARIS—The French have found a word for dinner jacket just as brief as the American's "Tux." It is "Smo" and was chopped out of "Smoking," the proper French term for what Americans call a Tuxedo and Englishmen a dinner jacket. And the word for a lady's evening gown is "Ohi!"





*"If I had known that mirage of a river was so far away, I wouldn't have undressed so soon."*

### Little Rambles With Serious Thinkers

Only one fellow I know got a lucky break in this panic. That was my uncle. He died in September, B. C.—Before the Crash. —Eddie Cantor.

It is well known that Socialist Ministers are more averse to Socialism than any other class of British subjects. —Winston Churchill.

Immediately upon assuming my duties as Police Commissioner in December, 1928, I realized that the traffic problem was one of the hardest with which I had to deal. —Grover Whalen.

If any of you can think of any better appellation to apply to the gyrating crew that is in control of the Senate, I shall be glad to use it. —Senator George H. Moses.

Why should I go to America when all the Americans who are worth talking to come over here and see me? —Geo. Bernard Shaw.

There is something about life at sea, that makes one see how unimportant one really is. In the country it is also like that. —Joan Lowell.

A crying youngster is a problem. You have to give it a drum or a horn or a whistle or something like that to keep it quiet.

It won't be long now until Author Coolidge will be compelled to sex his stuff up a bit if he expects to stay in the racket.



*"Did y'u ever run fer office, Bart?"*



*"An' kin ya' imagine it? The little sap believes in Santy Claus."*



## Life in Washington

ANDY MELLON threw out the life-line just as Wall Street was going down for the third time. An income tax cut of \$180,000,000 makes

as good a Christmas present as the country has seen since U. S. Steel crossed the equator. The Federal Reserve did another "me too" by dropping the rediscount rate (whatever that is) to 4½%. Perhaps the Board has decided that in future its policy should be seen and not heard. During the last flurry,

they dug out old John D. Rockefeller himself and got him to buying Standard Oil at 50 or some such mad extravagance. We are asked to deny, however, that he contemplates handing out a bright new dime to everybody who confused General Motors with the Rockefeller golf handicap. And the President is calling a Conference of the Best Minds to See if Something Can't Be Done to Prevent it Ever Happening Again.

Two new political parties have appeared in the Senate Tariff debate—the Democrats and the Republicans. Montana labored and brought forth Senator Wheeler, the Democratic Wheel-horse of the Republican insurgents, who took the "sons of wild jackasses" as a personal insult. Senator Caraway was a little seedy in the early days of this session but now is speaking right out, denouncing lobbyists like anything, and accusing the Southern Tariff League of plotting to "blacken" the Democratic party by running negro candidates in the North. In the South, they run them on a rail or on the Republican

ticket. Senator Smoot electrified the capital by proclaiming that "the best beans in the world come from Utah"—but not on his shoulders, judging by the "YoungGuard" Republicans who have made the parliamentary discovery that there is little sense in destroying their own Party for the sake of Pennsylvania and the Mormons.

Naval disarmament is wallowing in a choppy sea. The President's suggestion that food-ships be immune from capture in war-time deeply pains the French, but is not calculated to offend the familiar and interminable American farmer.

Militant Methodism reeled in its non-



Mellon cut a juicy Christmas present.

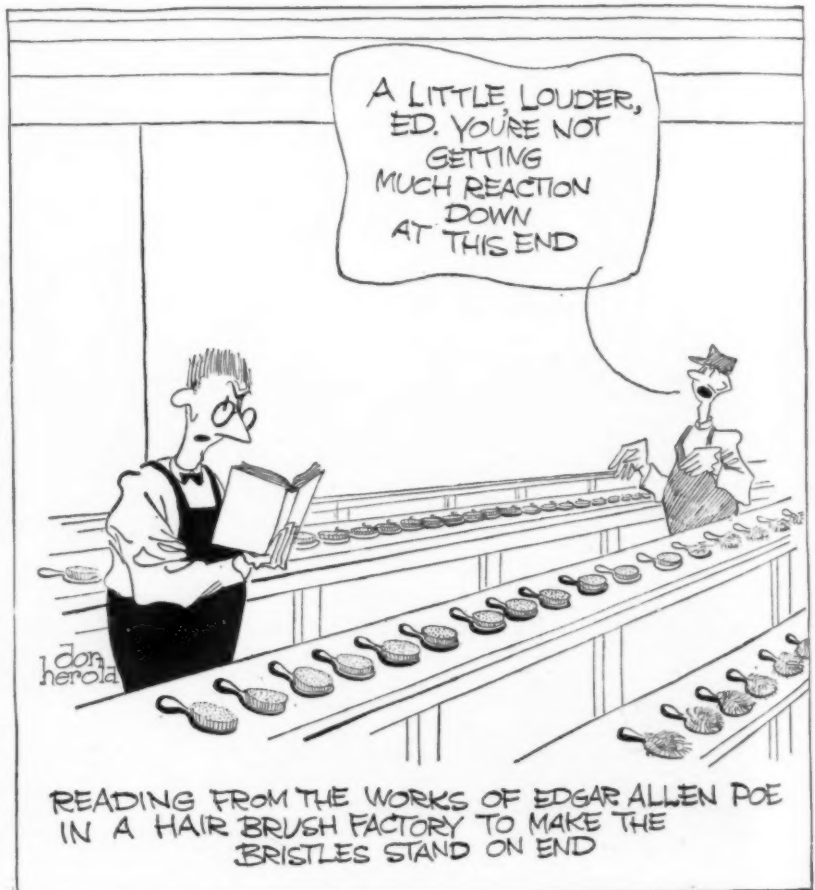
alcoholic tracks when it learned that Jeff D. Harris, the Oklahoma dry hero who had merely murdered a farmer suspected of owning a still, had been sentenced to fifty years imprisonment. However, the godly were much cheered when the score was evened by a Kansas City prohibition agent, who killed a woman bootlegger... The army has perfected a mechanical pilot for airplanes. We are not informed whether it comes with an attachment which enables it to make good-will flights to Nicaragua or the West Indies.



Senator Caraway was a bit seedy at first.

—J. F.

Senator Wheeler, The Democratic Wheel-horse.



Behind the scenes of a great industry.



## LIFE'S LITTLE EDUCATIONAL CHARTS



"You are quite wrong," writes a prominent radio tube testeress, "in assuming that two men can talk in one Vernacular. Around these parts a Vernacular is a sort of a yachting hat worn by the drivers of aerial dog sleds. As only one man can wear one hat at one time, the phrase should be corrected to read, 'They talked in two Vernaculars!'"



"Personally," writes Enobarbus Bellamy 3rd of Snas, Conn., "I have never seen a Vernacular, but I distinctly recollect hearing grandmummy relate how grandpuppy frequented them back in '76. A Vernacular, as she told it, was any two-passenger cave through the roof of which radish roots protruded. They were all padlocked in '79, however, due to the death of many habitues from radish root tickle."

JUST WHAT IS A VERNACULAR,  
ANYWAY?

A few of the answers to the nation-wide questionnaire sent out by this dept. to ascertain exactly what is meant by the phrase, "They were talking in the vernacular."



"Whatever a Vernacular is," writes one correspondent, "there is one thing I am positive it is not. A Vernacular is certainly not a shoe-shining stand, the footrests of which tower to the unbelievable height of ten feet six and one-half inches. Only yesterday I was in one of these things and was too flabbergasted to say a word, and if a fellow can't speak in a thing, then the thing surely cannot be a Vernacular."



An adroit solution that is probably as near to the truth as any is forwarded by a Mr. Smallgnome of Left Antler, Vt. Mr. Smallgnome proffers the information that in his vicinity a Vernacular is nothing more than a wire net sort of a thing, large enough to enclose the heads of two drum players, but not quite three.



"Madam, have you be

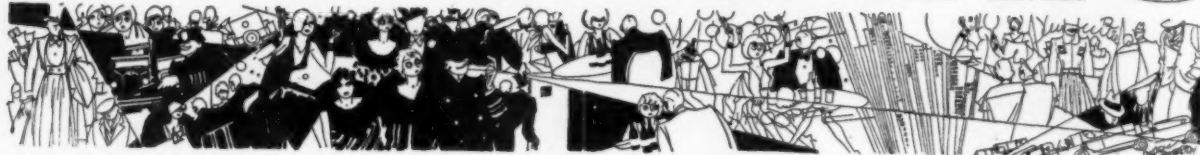


JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

ve you been cared for?"



# New York Life



## Alma Mammon



look-in . . . unlike *Uncle Tom*, the modern young man's soul belongs to *Mammon* and his body to himself, so why shouldn't he sell it? . . . why should he go out and sell bonds if he is lucky enough to have a rugged constitution



and the knack of carrying a ball or puck? . . . he can not only make a great deal more money but he can be taken up by society, endorse cigarettes and get his name in the papers . . . and why should he be criticized for it? . . . the artist, the musician, and the writer capitalize on the talents they were born with.

## Ice of Youth

With the new rules, Hockey is unquestionably the fastest game in the world today (at which point, ten million other sport fans will rise to their feet in righteous indignation) . . . in no other sport do the players move as fast . . . *Albie Booth* dodging around a gridiron is a slow moving picture compared to a *Bun Cook*, a *Morenz* or a *Johnson* . . . of

course, the hockey player has the advantage of being on skates and on ice, but what is to prevent the football player from doing the same thing? . . . what a game that would be! . . . *football on skates!*

## Indoor Sports

Besides adding thrill and excitement to an already sensational game, *Football on skates* could be played inside and there you have the chief reason why hockey is so popular . . . your enthusiastic sport follower must be comfortable before he can really enjoy a good rough and tumble pastime, and the more comfortable he is the rougher he likes it . . . on a cold fall day, sitting on a cold hunk of concrete, he more or less shares the discomforts of the players and therefore doesn't get half as much fun out of the game, but in the winter time when he is indoors in a nice cozy seat there is nothing to interfere with his vicarious pleasure . . . which is a tip for these pro-football teams that seem to be having a tough time drawing crowds . . . move into *Madison Square Garden!*



## Amateur Day

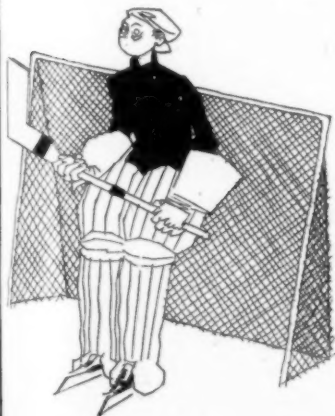
After all, daylight is the amateur's rightful place in the sun and after dark is when the professional shines in any walk of life . . . the amateur's enthusiasm and spontaneity needs no nightly glamor and can stand the broad light of day, but the professional needs bright colored lights and music as camouflage to cover up the grinding wheels of prosaic labor . . . with most men, imagination doesn't come out until after dark and when it does it surrounds a figure of common clay with the glamor of a god . . . in the hazy lights of *Madison Square Garden*, an uncouth hunk of bone and muscle roughing and elbowing his way down the ice is a modern *Mercury* indeed, a flat-nosed cauliflower-neck gouging and heel-ing in a ring is a glorious gladiator.

## Ringside

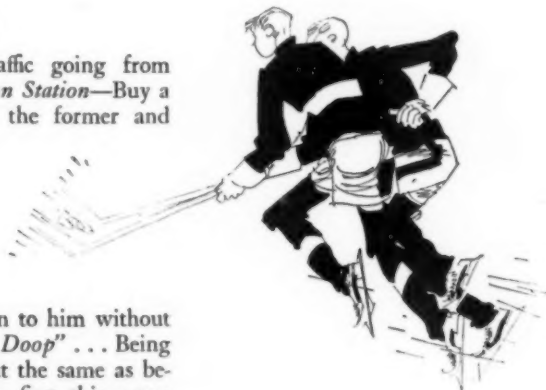
Familiarity breeds contempt and this is certainly true in professional sports . . . get up close to these paid playboys and your imagination suffers an awful shock even after dark . . . take a seat next to the hockey team in the front row, listen to their conversation and get a close-up of them in action . . . watch their sportsmanlike smiles when they collide and hear them say, "Well played, Old Man!" . . . you've got good ears if you can! . . . sit in the press row up against the ring at a fight and listen to the grunts and curses of the glorious gladiators . . . you can tell by the expressions on their faces how much pure joy they are getting out of sport . . . but don't do it . . . stay far away in your "ringside" seat and enjoy yourself!

## New York Notes

How to avoid traffic going from *Grand Central* to *Penn Station*—Buy a ticket to *Boston* on the former and come back on the train that arrives at the latter . . . *Rudy Vallee's* one great claim to fame is that he got people to listen to him without singing "*Oop Boop a Doop*" . . . Being in *New York* is about the same as being in the army, the first thing you say after being introduced to someone is, "Where are you from?" . . . Travel by aeroplane is so reliable and swift now that you can have a headache in *St. Louis* from going to a night club in *New York* . . . Why is it so difficult to get a waiter to bring you a second glass of water when there are 250,000,-



000,000 gallons in the *Croton* and *Catskill* reservoirs? . . . *New Yorkers* would never see the sights of their city if visitors didn't come to town and show them around.



## Manna-About-Town

*Jack Donohue* in "*Sons O' Guns*" to say nothing of *Lily Damita* . . . the hockey games at the *Garden* . . . *S. Guy Endore's* "*Casanova*" . . . *Georgetti*, the bike rider grabbing a glass of wine from a friend in a box at the *Six Day Bike Race* without spilling a drop! . . . the birds who never had a dime now telling bill collectors that they were cleaned out in *Wall Street* . . . the new pamphlet gotten out by the *Association Against The Prohibition Amendment* showing the number of people killed to date by Revenue officers . . . *Harold R. Peat*, ex-war hero of *Chicago* and his suggestion for a war memorial—"A true monument to war means a recognition of Stupidity, Horror, Stench, Filth, Rape, Ignorance, Sin, Lu-

nacy. If *Chicago* be the forward thinking city its citizens believe, its War monument will take the form of a maniac." . . . the independent gals who still wear short skirts . . . the speak-easy proprietor who, when he was raided, asked if he might give all the customers a drink on the house before they took the liquor away and the revenueur who said "O. K!" . . . *Albie Booth* walking on to the field at the *Harvard-Yale* game attired in raccoon coat, muffler, sweater, etc., followed by trainer—arriving at center of field, reporting to referee then handing trainer raccoon coat, muffler, sweater, etc.—*Hollywood* papers please copy . . . the *Governor Clinton Grill* and *Paul Specht's* orchestra . . . hint to hostesses—to make cocktails more potent mix them in the morning and let stand all day . . . the red-headed forward on the *Toronto* hockey team . . .

*Knickerbocker Jr.*



# Theatre • by Ralph Barton

**I**T HURTS to be let down this way by the Theatre Guild. It is like watching your mother drink herself to death. You can hardly believe your eyes.

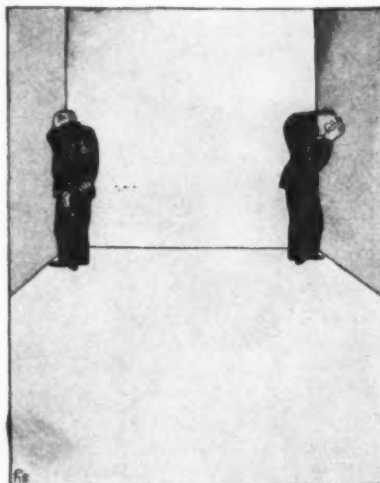
They who have brought us up so carefully to see and like what it is good for us to see and like in the theatre, they to whom we have learned to say "whither thou goest, I will go, and thy gods shall be my gods," have been putting on profounder and profounder trash and apologizing for it with longer and longer program notes until they have practically hit the bottom.

There wouldn't be room for a cigarette paper between "The Game of Love and Death" and the bottom. Dressed up in an extremely handsome and accurate setting (by Aline Bernstein) and played by a troupe of actors who are capable of doing fine work if given only half a chance, this play, now on view at the Guild Theatre, is so dull that it produces, as the evening wears on, a slight roaring sensation in the ears. In the first place, it is one of a series of a dozen dramas of the French Revolution, an ambitious epic in which its author, the distinguished Romain Rolland, hopes to **set down** everything that he knows (which is a good deal) about the subject and to wind up, as far as he is concerned, the whole dirty business, once for all. Separated from its fellows, the play—No. 6 in the series—is about as entertaining as a chapter read at random in Carlyle—about as entertaining, but far less dramatic.

Love and Death, each in its own little way, have occasionally been found by dramatic authors to contain certain elements of drama, but Monsieur Rolland has put them into his title only to fool you. His play is about the Game, and the Game, in this case, is the low-down on local Parisian politics as they stood on an afternoon late in March, 1794. Citoyen Courvoisier's wife loves another and Citoyen Courvoisier is so noble that he is willing to send the pair of them to the frontier and to safety with his own passports. Citoyenne Courvoisier is, herself, so noble that she refuses to go and remains with her husband to wait for the mob and the blade of the guillotine. All well enough for a plot; but this thrilling business is only hinted at during the

play. You are allowed to hear of this thread of the story only at intervals, and to hear of it in the sort of stilted language that no actor ever born could deliver in any other way than the way in which I used to recite the "O! that this too, too solid flesh would melt" speech in Miss Connell's room, Grade IV, Class B. What you *are* allowed to listen to throughout the evening are long discussions of the virtues and shortcomings of various planks in the platforms of the two leading political parties of the day: the Girondistes and the Montagnards. Isn't that exciting?

Alice Brady, as usual, Frank Conroy



The man who didn't like "Strictly Dishonorable" and the man who didn't laugh at "June Moon."

and Otto Kruger are as good as they can possibly be under the weight of all this, and Claude Rains is even a little better. The acting honors of the evening, however, go to a bust of Voltaire on the mantelpiece at the left. For an act or so, in the flicker of the candlelight, I imagined that the old fellow was winking a knowing right eye at the audience as a sign that he saw through everything; but when a pure white light, as from Above, played down upon him during one of the more ecstatic moments of the political discussion, I could see that both eyes were blinking and that the Sand Man had been around, merely.

I don't know why it is that French plays translate into American worse than any others. English, Hungarian, Russian, Norwegian, German and even

Spanish plays cross the ocean not much the worse for mal-de-mer. A Chinese play once made quite a hit here. But French plays never quite come off—unless they are excessively adapted or excessively naughty. The cultural differences between France and America are not great enough to account for it. Perhaps it is because of the difficulty of rendering the terseness and clarity of the French language in loose and copious English. The French have a saying that translations are like women: if they are faithful, they are not beautiful, and if they are beautiful, they are not faithful. This may be the explanation.

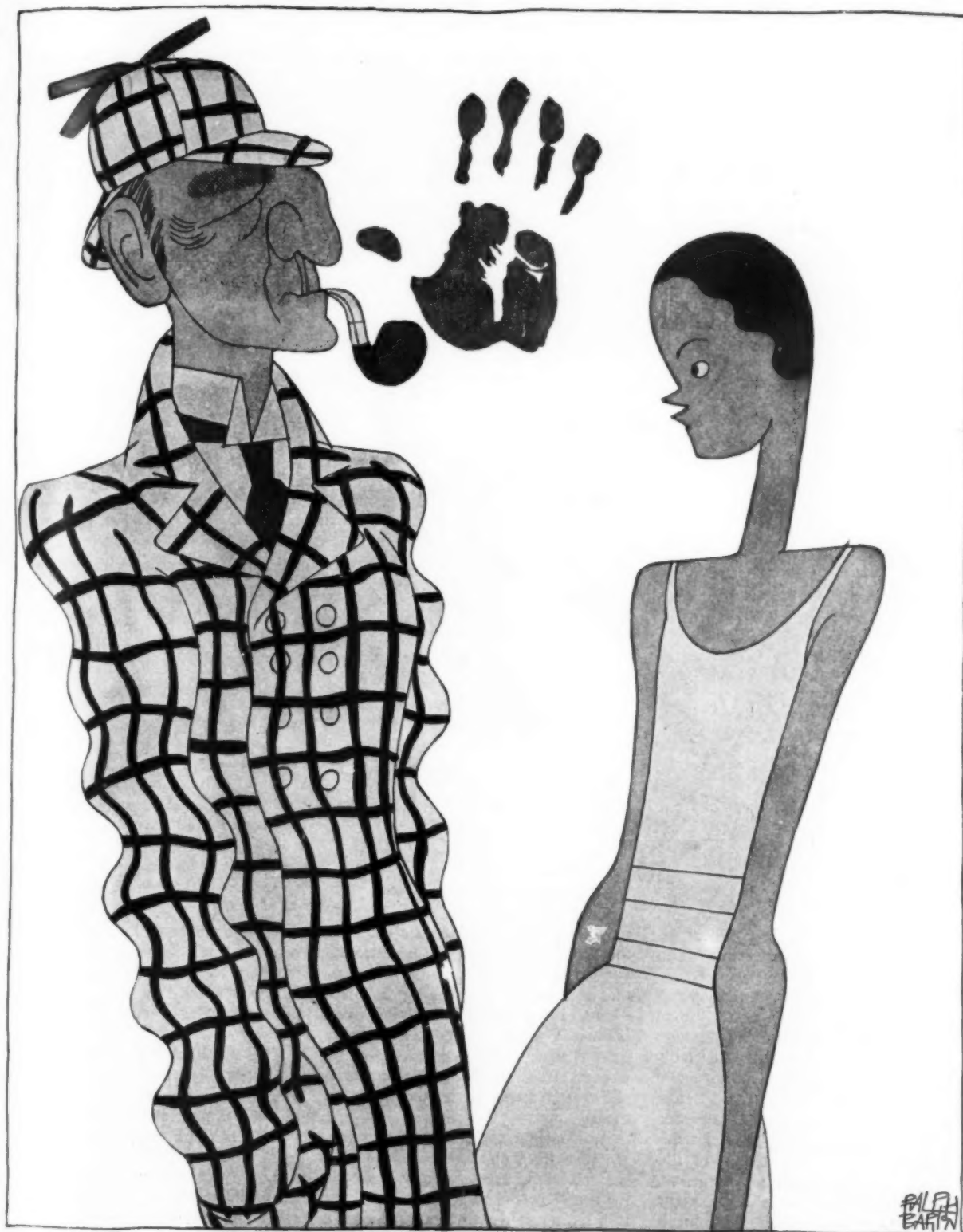
**A** MESS of other little plays have been popping up here and there of late—for the most part, plays like those that you and I and the janitor have in the bottom of our desk drawers and know better than to finish. Only one, "Veneer," has any real merit, and it has a good deal, both in the sincerity of its writing and in the earnestness of Joanna Roos' and Henry Hull's performances. It is a dismal little yarn about the wreck of a romantic sub-librarian's life against the slick ways and oily tongue of a Washington Heights show-off. If you feel in the mood for a good, heartrending suicide or care to be pretty deeply moved more than once during the evening, you could do worse than see "Veneer."

You could, for example, see "Your Uncle Dudley." Only, by the time you've got Uncle Dudley's intricate financial, matrimonial, social and family difficulties straight in your mind and have listened to an hour of hearthside bickering, you are in the mood for your own suicide.

"It Never Rains" is out of the same box—the box labeled "Domestic farce; six women and five men; sure-fire laffs." There is a nice performance by Carl J. Julius as an articulate, slang-bound, shock-headed sophomore, but the rest of the thing can be had out of the slot machines in the subway.

"Thunder in the Air" is like Barrie's short "A Well-Remembered Voice" in that it deals with a son, killed in the war, returning to his family during a séance. Otherwise, it is not in the least like Barrie. Where Barrie caresses, Robins Miller, this play's author, gives you a good smack in the nose.





YESTERDAY AND TODAY—TAKE YOUR CHOICE.

*William Gillette in the revival of "Sherlock Holmes" at the New Amsterdam,  
and Betty Starbuck in "Heads Up!" at the Alvin.*

# Movies • by Harry Evans

## An Answer to Mr. Barton

HAVING read with interest the bitter tirade directed against the movies last week by LIFE's Dramatic Critic, Mr. Ralph Barton, we are led to believe that the chorus of squawks being emitted by lovers of the drama indicates that something is hurting them. And the silly part of it is they don't know what is causing the pain. We can understand why these patrons of the arts writhe in agony when they hear the often repeated remark that the talkies are driving the legitimate stage out of business, nor do we blame them. It is unthinkable that the stage should disappear, but it is certain that something is cutting deeply into its popularity, and the situation is not going to be improved so long as Mr. Barton and the other defenders of the drama try to straighten out the whole matter by declaring that the stage will soon come back into its own because the talkies have sounded the death knell of the movie industry. That is a giggle and no fooling. Before Mr. Barton

wastes any tears over the proposed demise of the movies let us remind him of just one thing:

When you go down to a motion picture house you will find a young man standing outside who not only invites you to enter the theatre, but will gladly tell you when the next show starts and how long you will have to wait before you can get a seat in the orchestra. You may pull some gag about his supercilious rules of etiquette or disapprove his rear admiral's costume, but nevertheless, there he is being polite and trying to shoo you in. Once inside you will find dozens of other young men whose one purpose in life is to get you seated.

Then take a walk over to the Avon Theatre on West Forty-fifth Street, where "Strictly Dishonorable" is playing and see what happens. There is no young man outside to welcome you, so you go in to the boxoffice and ask for two orchestra seats. Sold out. You ask for next week. Sold out. The next. Same. Where can you get them? Well, you might try the agencies. You go to the legitimate agencies that make an extra charge of fifty cents for the service. They are sorry but they haven't anything better than the seventeenth row on the side (if they have

or eliminating such blots on the escutcheon of the theatre as the Erlanger interests that control the Avon Theatre boxoffice. It may be a mistake to say that the movies are crowding the legitimate stage off the boards, but it is certainly no mistake to say that Roxy's, the Paramount of the Capitol will give you more entertainment for \$12.50 than you could crowd onto the stage of the Avon Theatre in the course of three months.

## "The Love Parade"

FOR hours after the last scene had faded out on the opening night of "The Love Parade," excited women hung around the corner of Broadway and Forty-fourth Street eagerly searching for a glimpse of Maurice Chevalier as they panted paeans in praise of his charm, his personality, his—his, well, if you must know, his sex appeal. Sweethearts, husbands and middlemen stood about amazed and bewildered at the change that had come over their women in a couple of hours. Girls who had gone into the theatre



"Who told ya Sears-Roebuck are puttin' out a new catalog, Mr. Peebles?"

any at all). So you start shopping for the tickets and before you get through you have paid \$12.50 each for seats that should cost \$3.85 at the boxoffice—and I know what I am talking about because I have a friend with more money than brains who insisted on seeing "Strictly Dishonorable" recently, and that is exactly what he paid for his tickets.

And so if Mr. Barton and other people who have an honest affection for the theatre want to do a real service for the show business, they had better stop taking wild swings at an industry that is obviously giving the public a run for its money and direct their efforts and influence toward reforming

talking about the moral benefits of long skirts on the younger generation came out with their eyes shining, while they mumbled incoherently about that "certain something" which M. Chevalier has so much of.

This should be a lesson to every man who has been taking sex seriously. For years men have been worrying themselves sick for fear their fair ladies would not think their reactions equivalent to the occasion . . . they have sighed, cried and heaved their chests according to the best precedents—and what saps they have been.

In "The Love Parade" M. Chevalier approaches sex with a broad grin, not

(Continued on Page 28)

## Mrs. Pep's Diary



rates' wife, who, under the sod, professed a great love of peace, inquiring of her severest critics how they would like to spend their lives with a demon who asked questions?

NOVEMBER 21—Reading all the morning in W. B. Maxwell's new novel, in which

economize in a love nest, it's a home." This night to a party at Billy Powell's, finding there Peter Arno and his wife, Lois Long, the latter, poor wretch, on crutches, a cabman having shut the door upon her leg, which was in a cast, but Lord! all the wits and draughtsmen of the town had inscribed the bandaging, so I did caution her never to part with it, forasmuch as a day will come when she can sell it for a considerable amount, and mayhap to the Metropolitan Museum. Home through a mean drizzle which slightly congested my head, and so to bed with the conviction that the scientist who discovers a serum for the common cold will be almost of as much benefit to humanity as the man who invented the permanent wave.

by  
Baird  
Leonard

NOVEMBER 20—Awakened too betimes, and from a horrible dream that Marge Boothby and I had been hit over the head by a taxi driver who robbed us of our money and jewelry, which does mind me that mayhap I should consult a psychoanalyst, forasmuch as only the night before I attended an Embassy dinner in Paris in my travelling raiment, my hand luggage having been filched before Virgie's very eyes, and shortly before that an express company did leave a leopard and a lion at our door, and Lord! the intensity of such nocturnal celebration does disturb me, my conscious life being as simple as that of a babe in arms, and my husband assuring me that if I do have any repressions or inhibitions, he would indeed like to hear about them. But Katie does tell me that she will bring down her dream-book, which may be a happier solution, and undoubtedly cheaper. To luncheon with Esther Wherry at the tea-room to which the heroine of "Ex-Wife" resorted for a final show-down on her domestic difficulties, finding an acquaintance amongst the clientele not unlike that of a club, and Sally Benson, hearing my struggles with electric refrigeration, did confide that she had undergone similar ones to an extent which had inspired a friend, on an evening when he was slightly titivated, to telephone her, "Will you send me four cubes of ice at once, and have them hollow, please!" And Esther did tell me how her mother, an ardent Romanist, hearing her cook's enthusiasm for the last canonization, had quoth, "O yes, St. Theresa is very nice, but I think she's only a fad!" To the club for tea, Josephine Daskam Bacon reading to us from her "Truth o' Women," and I did like best the epitaph for Soc-

the hero does lean so far backwards to be upright that at times I was out of patience with him, in especial when he did stop an old woman from confiding a spicy piece of gossip because he did not think it would be suitable for him to hear it, but never did I read a script, not excepting the Sermon on the Mount, which implied a stronger moral, and the author's mastery so great that the whole business seemed plausible, minding me of the inscription put by Mark Twain on the photograph he gave Mistress Gay, "Always do right; it will please some people, and astonish the rest." To luncheon at Rose T.'s, where a great company, much of the talk running on the current financial depression, and one woman, apropos of the troubles of ladies who have been put amongst their own furniture, quoth, "Yes, a love nest must be kept going full blast. When you begin to

It's nice that Christmas doesn't come in summer because you might sit down on the Christmas tree ornaments in your bathing suit.

It's wrong to try to light three cigarettes with one match or to pay for three drinks with one dollar.

There are getting to be more and more one-way streets and two-way marriages.

It's about time somebody got up a new cigarette that cured the drink habit.

That's life in the great city—if it isn't one sin it's another.



GUEST: So this is what you do with your old razor blades!



# Confidential Guide

## LIFE'S TICKET SERVICE

How LIFE readers can get good orchestra seats at box-office prices to all shows on this page indicated by stars.

See page 26

(Listed in the order of their openings)

### Comedy and Drama

- ★STREET SCENE. *Playhouse*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—Elmer Rice's important drama of a mean street.
- ★JOURNEY'S END. *Henry Miller's*. \$4.40—Vivid moments in a British officers' dug-out.
- ★IT'S A WISE CHILD. *Belasco*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—Biogenesis made light of.
- ★GAMBLING. *Fulton*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—George M. Cohan doing some fine acting as a tight-lipped gambler.
- ★ROPE'S END. *Masque*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—The Whoops Brothers getting a kick out of murder.
- ★SUBWAY EXPRESS. *Liberty*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Move up in front and get killed.
- ★CANDLE-LIGHT. *Empire*. \$4.40—Delicate repartee in the hands of Gertrude Lawrence, Reginald Owen and Ernest Glendenning.
- ★THE CRIMINAL CODE. *National*. \$3.85—Amazing settings by Albert R. Johnson for a serious study of crime and punishment.
- ★JENNY. *Booth*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—Jane Cowl, better and better as Jane Cowl.
- ★JUNE MOON. *Broadhurst*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—Enough laughs for three shows.
- ★THE CHANNEL ROAD. *Plymouth*. \$3.85—A daughter of joy gives all to save some hypocrites.
- ★LADIES OF THE JURY. *Erlanger's*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Mrs. Fiske swinging the jury.
- ★BERKELEY SQUARE. *Lyceum*. \$4.40—Leslie Howard turns up as his own ancestor in XVIIIth century London.
- ★BROKEN DISHES. *Ritz*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Donald Meek as a worm that turns.
- ★CAPONSACCHI. *Hampden*. \$3.85—A re-revival by Walter Hampden.
- CROSS ROADS. *Moroso*—What the Life Force does to studies in college.
- OTHER MEN'S WIVES. *Times Square*—Such a mix-up in a French hotel!
- WINTER BOUND. *Garrick*—The name of "The Captive" taken in vain.
- VENEER. *Sam H. Harris*—A tragedy of Washington Heights, with Henry Hull.
- QUEEN BEE. *Belmont*—Unfunny comedy.
- ★SHERLOCK HOLMES. *New Amsterdam*. \$3.85—Sat. \$4.40—William Gillette once again as the king of detectives.
- SALT WATER. *John Golden*—Frank Craven at sea.

### Eye and Ear

- ★THE NEW MOON. *Casino*. \$5.50—Couldn't get away. Here for a few more days.
- ★FOLLOW THRU. *Chanin's Forty-sixth Street*. \$5.50—The golf show.
- ★THE LITTLE SHOW. *Music Box*. \$4.40—Sat. Hol. \$5.50—Clifton Webb, Fred Allen and Libby Holman—the revue with "Moania Low" in it.
- HOT CHOCOLATES. *Hudson*—Ebony stepping.

EARL CARROLL'S SKETCH BOOK. *Forty-fourth Street*—Not so naughty and better.

★SWEET ADELIN. *Hammerstein*. \$6.60—Helen Morgan, Charles Butterworth and Irene Franklin. Tuneful and grand.

★THE STREET SINGER. *Shubert*. \$5.50—Queenie Smith, Guy Robertson and Andrew Tombes. Good dancing.

GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS. *Apollo*—Frances Williams, Willie Howard and Master White. As good as ever.

★A WONDERFUL NIGHT. *Majestic*. \$5.50—Johann Strauss' music sung nicely by Gladys Baxter.

★BITTER SWEET. *Ziegfeld*. \$6.60—Noel Coward's operetta, with the ravishing Evelyn Laye. Ever so elegant.

★HEADS UP! *Alvin*. \$5.50—Jack Whiting and Victor Moore; marvelous dancing and Richard Rodgers' music.

SONS O' GUNS. *Imperial*—A grand show with Jack Donahue and Lily Damita.

FIFTY MILLION FRENCHMEN. *Lyric*—Cole Porter's smart musical comedy.

### Movies

CONDEMNED. (TALKIE)—Ronald Colman escapes from Devil's Island. Fair.

MARIANNE. (TALKIE) *Metro-Goldwyn*—Marion Davies' best effort.

SWEETIE. (TALKIE) *Paramount*—Jack Oakie's rendition of "Alma Mammy" is worth the price of admission. Also Nancy Carroll and Helen Kane. Swell fun.

BROADWAY SCANDALS. (TALKIE) *Columbia*—Scandalous.

THE UNHOLY NIGHT. (TALKIE) *Metro-Goldwyn*—Roland Young, Dorothy Sebastian and Ernest Torrance in a good Boo! picture.

HUNTING TIGERS IN INDIA. *Talking Picture Epics*—The first of a series of scientific pictures accompanied by talkie lectures. Very interesting.

THE HOLLYWOOD STAR. (TALKIE) *Mack Sennett*—A really funny short comedy.

SUNNY SIDE UP. (TALKIE) *Fox*—Janet Gaynor and Charley Farrell try to sing. The tunes are swell and the "Turn On The Heat" number is worth the price of admission.

THEY HAD TO SEE PARIS. (TALKIE) *Fox*—Will Rogers is as interesting on the screen as he is in person.

RIO RITA. (TALKIE) *Radio*—A swell screen version of the Ziegfeld musical extravaganza—and you will be amazed when you here Bebe Daniels sing.

APPLAUSE. (TALKIE) *Paramount*—Helen Morgan becomes a capable dramatic actress. Excellent cast.

DISRAELI. (TALKIE) *Warner Brothers*—The talkies preserve a record of George Arliss in his greatest rôle. Splendid.

FLIGHT. (TALKIE) *Columbia*—Jack Holt and Ralph Graves making Nicaragua safe for the Marines. Good aerial photography.

SALUTE. (TALKIE) *Fox*—Opening the Hollywood football season with George O'Brien heroing. Stepin Fetchit gives another fine comedy performance.

(Continued on Page 26)



"Gawd, but they're cold out there tonight!"



### THE FEMALE OF THE SPECIES *Being Contributions from the Ladies*

#### Admonition to Young America

If you obey the Golden Rule,  
And learn your lessons well at school,  
When you grow up to be a man,  
Perhaps you'll sit by Mrs. Gann.

—J. Dupont.

There was an intelligent Frau  
Who incited her Sisters with "Now  
Let's outrival the Men  
In the use of the Pen"—  
So they all started writing—

And How!!!

—Louise M. Taylor.

#### Sic Transit

Love is not dead. The man who says  
it is  
Knows that he lies. He just as well  
might tell you  
That during Lent the sun will fail to  
rise,  
Or that the apples push-cart men  
would sell you  
Are really peas, or that the sea is pink,  
Or that a sail-boat will go down a sink.

Love is not dead. The man who says  
it is  
Strikes up a pose, to prove that he is  
clever.  
As well as any other man, he knows  
That love, while there is life, will last  
forever.  
The cynic bases wisdom on denial,  
So he denies, without even a trial.

Love is not dead. The man who says  
it is  
Was born a fool. The story books are  
burning  
With tales of passion that the years  
can't cool,—  
Accounts of heartbreak and of tender  
yearning.  
Why, everybody knows that love lives  
on!  
It's only that the LOVERS all are gone.  
—Myra M. Waterman.

Invitations to Hollywood parties now  
read: Admit bearer and one husband.  
—Sally O'Donnell.



# Waterman's won't do for Christmas candles —

# but

a Waterman's on the Christmas tree  
will bring lasting happiness to some  
body. Made in almost limitless variety  
—and obtainable in appropriate and  
tasteful containers—there are Water-  
man's fountain pens, pencils and desk  
sets for every member of the family.

With their many exclusive and out-  
standing features, Waterman's foun-  
tain pens are a revelation in writing  
satisfaction.

The holders are of stainless hard-  
rubber, are light, resilient, and per-  
fectly balanced.

Waterman's No. 7 is the newest and  
most appealing idea in fountain pens.  
There are SEVEN different pen  
points to choose from—each identi-  
fied by its distinctive COLOR band.  
Waterman dealers are glad to replace  
any gift No. 7 for one that more ex-  
actly meets the handwriting require-  
ments of the recipient.

There is no more attractive Christmas gift  
than a Waterman's No. 7. For those who  
desire a companion pencil also, there is  
Waterman's new No. 0727 Propel-Repel—  
the pencil with many new features.

*Guaranteed forever against all defects*

# Waterman's

THE THOUGHTFUL CHRISTMAS GIFT

Directions for Contributing to  
THE FEMALE OF THE SPECIES  
Can be found on Page 31



# Guide through the holidays



What a snappy guide... so easy to follow. Beverages have a new, cheerier tang when Martini & Rossi Vermouth is a part.

Epicures say "It flavors the palate." At bridge and before dinner Martini & Rossi livens appetite.

This guide leads you to the most zesty cocktails, appetizers, punch salads, sauces, desserts.

Send for Bridge Club Vermouth Recipes and Score Pad.

Two kinds of Martini & Rossi Vermouth at the food shop: Italian dry and French extra dry. Often used together. Address, for Bridge Recipes and Pad, W. A. Taylor & Co., 94 L Pine Street, N. Y., N. Y.

**MARTINI & ROSSI**  
**Vermouth**  
at bridge and before dinner  
... vermouth

## Confidential Guide

(Continued from Page 24)

### Supper Clubs

**\*Dress**  
C Cover Charge FS Fridays and Saturdays  
H Headwaiter  
SMIG The price of Sandwiches, Mineral Water, Ice, Gingerale (for two)  
BARNEY's, 85 W. 3rd. A swell place to meet your friends. Bob and Muriel Johnson, Hale Buyers and his orchestra, Don Alberto's Argentine Tango orchestra. C.\$3. S.\$4.00. H.Arnold. SMIG.\$4.  
CASANOVA, 134 W. 52. Popular place. Francis Williams and Keating, the magician. C.\$4. H.Louis. SMIG.\$5.  
CHEZ FLORENCE, 58th St., near 8th Ave. Formerly Guinan's. You can stay up all night. C.\$4.00. SMIG.\$4.00.  
CLUB PLAZA, Plaza Hotel. Nice. Frances Mann and Frederick Carpenter dancing at tea and supper. Dick Gasparre's orchestra. \* C.\$2. H.Adolph.  
COUNTY FAIR, 54 E. 9th. Economic fun. C.\$1. FS.\$1.50. H.Charlie. SMIG.\$1.85.  
CONNIE's INN, 7th Ave. at 131st. Harlem fun, late at night. C.\$2. FS.\$2.50. SMIG.\$2.75.  
COTTON CLUB, Lenox Ave. at 142. Ditto Harlem fun. Ditto same prices.  
DOME, 52 W. 8th. Greenwich Village night club life. Von Grona and Bouvier, Blanche Fleming. C.\$1. S.\$1.50. H.Frank. SMIG.\$4.00.  
LES AMBASSADEURS, 50th and Broadway. Clayton, Jackson and Durante, enough said. C.\$3.00. S.\$4.00. H.Louis. SMIG.\$4.00. S.\$4.50.  
LIDO, 7th Ave. at 52nd. Very ritzy. Moss and Fontana. \* C.\$6. H.Maraschino.  
MONTMARTE, 50th & B'way. Very nice and always has been. \* C.\$3.  
ROOSEVELT GRILL, Roosevelt Hotel. Nice place. C.\$2.  
RUSSIANA, 216 W. 44. Russian cabaret. Pretty good. C.\$3.00.  
ST. REGIS SEAGLADE, 5th Ave. at 55th. Swell. \* C.\$2. S.\$3.  
TROCADERO, 35 E. 53rd. Formerly Heigh-Ho and just about the same. \* C.\$3.

### Records

WHY DO YOU SUPPOSE  
A peach of a tune from "Heads Up."  
THROUGH..... Good fox-trot. (Victor)  
WITHOUT A SONG,  
GREAT DAY.....  
Two marvellous numbers from "Great Day."  
Paul Whiteman's band. (Columbia)  
DON'T EVER LEAVE ME,  
WHY WAS I BORN.....  
Helen Morgan pulling at the old heart-strings. (Victor)  
MY SWEETER THAN SWEET.....  
Slow tempo, piano and vocal choruses.  
A YEAR FROM TODAY.....  
This speeds right along. (Victor)

### Sheet Music

"I'll See You Again" (Bitter Sweet)  
"Evermore And A Day" (Bitter Sweet)  
"Zigeuner" (Bitter Sweet)  
"Why Do You Suppose" (Heads Up)  
"Ship Without A Sail" (Heads Up)  
"It Must Be Heaven" (Heads Up)

Wine jelly when flavored with Abbott's Bitters is made more delightful and healthful. Sample Bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps, C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

## LIFE'S Ticket Service

**\*We render this service without profit solely in the interest of our readers.**

**\*If you are going to be in New York, LIFE's Ticket Service will not only save you money but an extra trip to the box-office.**

Good seats are available for attractions indicated in the Confidential Guide by STARS and at PRICES noted.

All orders for tickets must reach LIFE Office at least seven days before date of performance. Check for exact amount must be attached to each Purchase Order.

Receipt will be sent to purchaser by return mail. This must be presented at the box-office on the evening of the performance.

IN ORDER TO KEEP TICKETS OUT OF THE HANDS OF TICKET SCALPERS SEATS WILL BE HELD AT THE BOX-OFFICE AND WILL NOT BE RELEASED UNTIL AFTER EIGHT O'CLOCK ON THE NIGHT OF THE PERFORMANCE.

In selecting attractions, purchasers are asked to name two alternative choices of shows with each selection, in case LIFE's quota of seats for that performance is exhausted. Remittance will have to cover the cost of the highest priced seats requested. Any excess amount will be refunded.

LIFE will be glad to make appropriate selections for purchasers if they will indicate with order the type of show preferred and remit amount to cover top prices. Any excess amount will be refunded.

NO ORDERS FOR SEATS TAKEN OVER THE TELEPHONE.

NO MONEY REFUNDING ON ORDERS WITHOUT SEVEN DAYS' NOTICE.

### LIFE'S TICKET SERVICE 598 Madison Ave., New York City Purchase Order

Dear LIFE

I want tickets for the following shows:

(Name of Show)

(No. Seats) (Date)

(Alternates)

(Name)

(Address)

Check for \$ ..... Enclosed



They are building airplanes so big now that you can break your neck by falling out of one that's sitting on the ground.

—Tom Sims for Kay Features.

"The real engagement stone is a diamond," says a writer. The marriage stone, of course, is a grindstone.

—Passing Show.

Women at race-meetings are observed to be more lavishly made-up than formerly. There is promise of a vogue for complexions in favorite racing colors.

—Punch.

The greatest argument against a man having two wives is it would leave him no place to hang his clothes.

—Tom Sims for Kay Features.

A man was recently convicted at Ayr for biting a constable. Hardly anybody else but people in Scotland bothers to test coppers by this method.

—Passing Show.

"Why are you standing over there throwing stones at that poor little boy?"

"Because I daren't go any closer, miss. He's got whooping-cough!"

—Tit-Bits.

A Chicago business man, on holiday in France, was shot at by a bandit. It must have made him feel quite at home.

—The Humorist.

OLD LADY: I won't keep that parrot you sold me! He swears too much.

SHOPMAN: Still, madam, he neither smokes nor drinks.

—Answers.

## Peppy partners, stirring strains

...tinkling glasses, ruddy and redolent of Hay's Five Fruit...an ensemble befitting the holiday spirit... From bottle to beverage in a wink, Hay's Five Fruit puts the zest of luscious, ripe fruit in a cocktail—or any drink, hot or cold. As a dressing for ice cream or pudding; to make sauces and salads deliciously fruity. Turn to the red-wrapped bottle. At good food and drug stores.



Throats tingle to a new and finer thirst quencher...the "Tang of Tropical Fruit" ...when Panama Punch is the mixer

# HAY'S Five Fruit

Write for "35 Ways of Serving" Hay's Five Fruit

HAY'S FRUIT JUICE CO. 71 YORK ST., PORTLAND, ME.

## It keeps teeth white

A WORLD OF FRIENDS — for the world can't resist a winning smile! And it's your teeth that make or mar your smile. Never let them grow dull or discolored. Chew Dentyne, the gum that keeps teeth white — makes smiles brighter. Everybody likes that unique flavor . . . and Dentyne is the highest quality chewing gum made today.



Chew  
**D**ENTYNE  
.. and smile!



## EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

When you bring two delightful acquaintances together and find they divorced each other five years ago . . . be nonchalant . . . **LIGHT A MURAD.**



© P. Lorillard Co., Est. 1760



### Christmas and the Joy of Giving, The Best Gift of All A Subscription to **Life**

means joy in receiving as well as giving, *fifty-two presents a year*, each different, each a bright spot in the week! The whole family, men and women, children and grown-ups, enjoy reading **LIFE**, and will race to see it first!

Try it and see for yourself. A Christmas Card announcing the gift sent upon request.

#### Christmas Offer:

Enclosed find Five Dollars (U. S. and Canada), \$6.60 Foreign.  
Send **LIFE** for one year to

With a Christmas Card from \_\_\_\_\_

**LIFE**, 598 Madison Ave., New York

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## Movies

(Continued from Page 22)

can you be sure that he has relinquished his sense of humor even in those few moments when he goes through the orthodox motions of a man in love. In refusing to take sex seriously he surrounds his affairs of the heart with an exhilarating air of dalliance that challenges women to charm him into anything more important than an illicit amour . . . and how the gals eat it up.

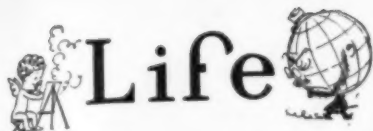
"The Love Parade" will entertain you unless you are a conscientious objector to the unreality created in these talkie operettas due to the fact that the orchestral accompaniment is never visible. The outstanding weakness of the film is the awkward manner in which Director Ernst Lubitsch introduces the songs—but perhaps this fault appears exaggerated because we had hoped the Lubitsch genius might find some way to make the situation more convincing.

The surprise of the picture is the screen personality displayed by Miss Jeanette MacDonald—at least it is a surprise to one who remembers her as a pleasing but certainly not sensational musical comedy star. Miss MacDonald's voice records well, and she is a lovely camera subject.

Although Herr Lubitsch's direction attains a pace at times that may be considered risqué by the Old Lady from Dubuque, he shows a surprising lack of continental finesse in presenting Miss MacDonald's physical charms. In her first scene the heroine is shown awakening on her royal couch. With practically no warning she steps out of bed into a strong light, starts warbling a ditty entitled "Dream Lover," and finishes it in her bath tub. As a result, Miss MacDonald is forced to sing exceptionally well after she gets her clothes on in order to sustain the interest created in her first appearance.

Chevalier, with the aid of a fair singing voice and that "certain something" puts over two tunes entitled, "Paris, Stay The Same," and "Nobody's Using It Now." The latter title refers to his youth, so you can imagine the possibilities.

And a parting warning to men about this Chevalier. Just as thousands of women can sit hunched around radios and feel convinced that Rudy Vallee is crooning the one song that has been waiting for expression in their souls, so do the girls who go to see the Chevalier pictures gasp and shiver as they imagine themselves in the places of his wives or lady friends . . . preferably the latter. An evening spent with a lady at a Chevalier movie is not only a waste of time but a loss of ground.



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A golf club has been invented which whistles when a drive is made correctly. But with many golfers this is quite unnecessary, as the caddie will whistle with sheer surprise if a drive is made correctly.  
—London Opinion.

A car driver declares that pedestrians ask to be run over. Then all I can say is motorists seem to be very obliging sort of people.

—Passing Show.

An American claims to have discovered the secret of learning to play the saxophone in five minutes. We only hope he will keep it a secret.

—Humorist.

Florida's  
Best Known Hotel  
**The Flamingo**  
MIAMI BEACH  
Sunshine Playground  
Famed for its service,  
cuisine and unsurpassed  
location.  
American Plan  
C.S. KROM  
MANAGER

"Fred says you folks squeeze orange juice entirely too slowly, so I said 'Let's get them a Sunkist Junior Electrical Extractor for Christmas.' Now if you can take a hint—"



## a Christmas apology for its juicefulness

At this silly season, we'd like to advertise Sunkist Junior Electric Fruit Juice Extractor as an extravagant, merely ornamental, impractical Christmas present. Its juicefulness is almost a sales drawback for the moment.

Try to remember, however, that \$14.95 is a lot of money, and that you CAN GET a fruit juice squeezer for 25 cents, a quarter of a dollar. Think of Sunkist Junior as a great luxury when you buy it as a Christmas gift—Then wait—

Sunkist Junior Electric Juice Extractor at your dealer's or small coupon \$14.95



# Sunkist Junior

Electric JUICE Extractor

It will prove itself a "sensible" gift all too soon. Before it has squeezed its first million oranges or lemons it will have established itself as a shrewd buy. It takes all the wrist wrenching out of fruit juice squeezing for breakfast or for the pre-dinner fruit juice hour.

Stands 10 in. high, weighs 8 lbs. Only two instantly removable parts to clean. Alabaster glass bowl. \$14.95 at electrical, hardware or department stores or prepaid for \$14.95 money order (Canada \$19.95).

California Fruit Growers Exchange, Div. 2412, 900 No. Franklin St., Chicago, Ill.

My dealer cannot supply me. Money order for \$14.95 (Canada \$19.95) enclosed for one Sunkist Junior Home Electric Juice Extractor, mail prepaid.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



## LIFE'S DOG CALENDAR for 1930

Our annual DOG CALENDAR is a very popular institution and makes a fine holiday gift for anyone who loves dogs.

6 sheets in colors. Price ONE DOLLAR. You will want one for yourself of course, and to send some to friends for Christmas.

Better order now as edition is limited.

LIFE, 598 Madison Ave., New York  
Here is .....dollars. Mail .....calendars to

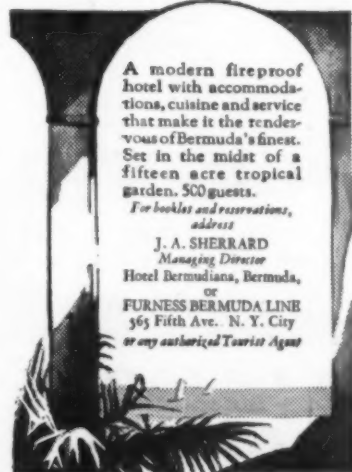
We visited a friend in the suburbs recently. You know, one of those homes in the suburbs: three minutes' walk to the station, and three hours' wait after you get there.

—London Opinion.

## Hotel BERMUDIANA

A modern fireproof hotel with accommodations, cuisine and service that make it the rendezvous of Bermuda's finest. Set in the midst of a fifteen acre tropical garden. 500 guests.

For booklets and reservations, address  
J. A. SHERRARD  
Managing Director  
Hotel Bermudiana, Bermuda,  
or  
FURNESS BERMUDA LINE  
365 Fifth Ave. N. Y. City  
or any authorized Tourist Agent







## HITTING THE HIGH SPOTS

WHEN you hustle and hurry through your morning shave, if the razor skims over parts of your face—if it only hits the high spots of your beard—something isn't clicking. Like as not, it's the shaving cream. Then's the time to turn to Squibb's Shaving Cream—to the cool, smooth, thorough shave that Squibb's always gives.

Experts studied and experimented for four years to perfect Squibb's Shaving Cream. For months they tested it in a barber-shop. It's a great shaving cream.

The only way to get to know the bland shaving comfort that Squibb's gives you, is to try it. Drop into any drug store and buy a tube. Only 40c.

Copyright 1929 by E. R. Squibb & Sons



## A SHAVING CREAM BY SQUIBB

### Winners of LIFE'S Cross Word Picture Puzzle No. 13



"Beg pardon, lady, did you drop this?"

1st Prize of \$50.00 won by

Mable M. Wheeler,  
2946 North Illinois Street,  
Indianapolis, Ind.

"Yes, when I found it contained alcohol!"

2nd Prize of \$25.00 won by

Geo. W. Forrester,  
Coca-Cola Company,  
Box No. 1734,  
Atlanta, Ga.

An officer of the law must return lost property regardless of its value or condition.

3rd Prize of \$15.00 won by

Mrs. William P. Hadwen,  
212 Boulevard,  
Passaic, N. J.

Yes, officer, I can't support him any longer.

4th Prize of \$10.00 won by

James E. Ryder,  
160 W. Second Street,  
Corning, N. Y.

The man she left behind her.



The ventriloquist who hated to drink alone.



### In Pinehurst's Cheerful Atmosphere

THERE'S a pleasant thrill on first awakening in a cheerful bedroom of the Carolina Hotel. Friendly sunlight streaming through open windows. A whole day of pleasure to anticipate. Delicious meals. 5 famous golf courses (with new grass tees), polo, riding, outdoor sports at their best. A brilliant throng at the Pinehurst Country Club. Bridge, theatre or dancing at night. Luxurious Carolina now open. For booklet or reservations, address General Office, Pinehurst, N. C.



**Pinehurst**  
NORTH CAROLINA  
America's Premier Winter Resort

## HAMS

from  
Ole Virginia  
for

Christmas  
Cooked by a time  
honored recipe



NATIVE Virginia Hams from peanut-fed pork—cured dry in salt and smoked leisurely with hickory chips. An old plantation method that preserves all their savory goodness. They are cooked by hallowed Colonial recipe using brown sugar, black pepper molasses... As good as though you went to the plantation smokehouse—picked out the ham and had Mammy cook it. Delight guaranteed... Delivered prices, east of Mississippi River. For points west, add 25c. Small \$7.00—Medium \$9.00—Large \$12.00—Order for yourself—for gifts to friends. Prompt shipments.

R. L. CHRISTIAN & COMPANY  
406 E. Broad St.,  
Richmond, Va.

## The Female of the Species

The Women's Press Club of New York, through the pages of *LIFE*, are giving the women of America a chance to prove they have a sense of humor. This contest, which started Nov. 1, will run for twelve weeks and \$1,000 in prizes will be offered by the Club for the cleverest humorous material, submitted during that time by a woman. The cleverest pieces will be printed in *LIFE* and regular rates will be paid for them in addition to the prizes. The prizes will be as follows: First Prize—\$500; Second Prize—\$250; Third Prize—\$100; and six Fourth Prizes of \$25 each.

All manuscripts must be typewritten and must be addressed to Beatrice B. Beecher, Women's Press Club Editor, *LIFE*, 598 Madison Ave., New York City. To insure safe return of Manuscripts enclose self-addressed stamped envelope.

Material may be submitted in the form of humorous articles, essays, verse, paragraphs, or ideas for humorous pictures on any subject. Ideas accepted will be illustrated by *LIFE*'s artists. Articles must not be longer than 250 words.

**Rodd:** My office-boy always whistles while he works.

**Codd:** You're lucky. Mine only whistles.  
—Answers.

A woman writer says she can never understand her own sister on the 'phone. They should try speaking one at a time!  
—Passing Show.

A writer states that a long straight nose is a characteristic of a man who minds his own business. A broken nose, of course, is usually owned by a man who doesn't.  
—Humorist.

Up to the time of going to press we have no confirmation of the rumor that a man in the Isle of Wight has grown a gooseberry so big that he cannot get it into the newspapers.  
—Pearson's.

A man who was returning home in the small hours of the morning lost his reason suddenly. I hope he managed to think of another one when his wife wanted to know why he was late.  
—Passing Show.

### Answers to Anagrins

- (1) Relief.
- (2) Skiing.
- (3) Roadster.
- (4) Divorce.
- (5) Calorie.
- (6) Microbe.



## The Aperitif... is not confined to Europe!

England, France and Sweden sends us these rare old world flavours for our holiday cheer. Ideal for cocktails, punches or what have you. At all good grocers. Send for recipe book L.



### HOLLOWAY'S LONDON DRY

Direct from London where it is especially distilled for the American market.

### NUYENS' FRENCH DRY VERMOUTH

Made and bottled in France.



### Try This! Caloric Cocktail

4 parts Holloway's London Dry, 1 part Caloric Punch, juice of lemon. Shake with ice.

### CALORIC PUNCH

From Sweden, with a luscious flavour similar to Bacardi.



B. B. DORF & CO.,

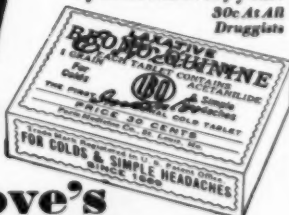
Also Importers of Nuyens' Cordials . . . Creme de Cocoa . . . Apricot . . . Creme de Menthe . . . Grandine

## How to Avoid Severe

# Colds

Heed the warning symptoms—achy, chilly feeling; sneezing, headache. Take Grove's Laxative BROMO QUININE—at once. This recognized standard remedy for colds is used by millions every year.

30c At All Druggists



**Grove's**  
**Laxative**  
**BROMO**  
**QUININE**  
**Tablets**

Successful Since 1889

At leading stores or Order Direct



## What finer GIFT for a MAN\*?

Does he travel? He'll appreciate the convenience of the Hamley Kit—lots of room, but no fussy loops or gadgets to waste time in packing. He likes genuineness? He'll love the feel of the thick solid leather in his Hamley Kit, the distinction of its utter simplicity. Hamley Kits are made by makers of famous Hamley Cowboy Saddles, from the choicest, thickest solid leather. They make perfect gifts—useful, beautiful, enduring! Three sizes. Sent postpaid . . . unconditionally guaranteed. Hamley & Company, 263 Court Street, Pendleton, Oregon. \*The only complaint we have had is from married men whose wives appropriate their Hamley Kits for their own use.

Medium \* 8½ x 3½ x 1½ \$ 6.00  
Large \* 9½ x 4½ x 2½ 7.50  
Extra large \* 10½ x 5½ x 2½ 10.00

\* Inside measurements. Name or initials embossed on lid, 25c extra.

## HAMLEY KIT

MADE OF GENUINE SOLID LEATHER LIKE A FINE



COWBOY SADDLES

# LIFE'S Cross Word Picture Puzzles \$100.00 in Prizes Every Week

1st Prize \$50.00

2nd Prize \$25.00

3rd Prize \$15.00

4th Prize \$10.00

LIFE will run a new cross word picture puzzle each week. After you have solved the puzzle, see if you can find the correct title for the picture, the words of which are in the puzzle.

After you have solved the puzzle and gotten the correct title for the picture, give your explanation of the joke in not more than fifteen words.

The Editors of LIFE will be the judges and the prizes will be awarded to the person giving the correct solution of the puzzle, the correct title for the picture, and the cleverest explanation of the joke. In the event of a tie, the full amount of the prize will be awarded to each tying contestant. You may send in as many puzzles as you wish but none will be returned. The prize-winning solutions will be printed in subsequent issues. Send all puzzles to the Puzzle Editor, LIFE, 598 Madison Ave., New York. *This week's contest closes, LIFE Office, noon, December 27.*

## Puzzle No. 18



Winners of this Puzzle will appear in the Jan. 17, 1930, issue.

## HORIZONTAL

1. What a chorus girl likes to be.
4. The best kind of peach.
8. This has a point to it.
11. They say it's only human to do this.
12. Superficial extent.
13. Definite.
14. A southern state. (abbr.)
15. There's something crooked about these.
17. The two sides of Iowa.
18. Possesses.
19. A very wet party.
21. A Roman poet. (43 B. C.)
23. A good time to be up about your business. (abbr.)
25. This is sour.
27. A word which indicates something gone by.
28. What Tom, the peeper, did.
29. Disorders.
30. These take in the sights.

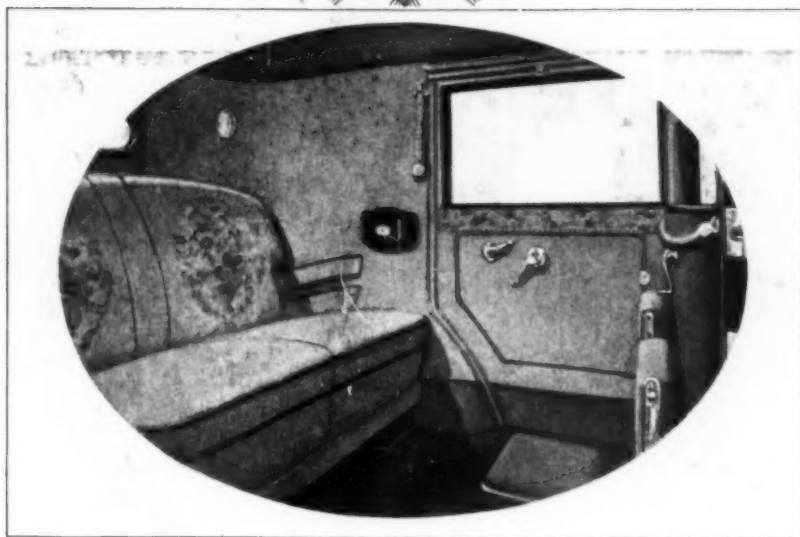
## VERTICAL

1. A person.
2. A great big period.
3. He saw you first. (abbr.)
4. These make the team work.
5. This makes you hot and bothered.
6. Illusive vegetable.
7. These are grubby.
8. Preposition of place.
9. Pronoun.
10. What the nimble pedestrian did.
15. This is no gentleman.
16. This stands alone.
18. Masculine pronoun.
20. A metallic element.
22. A Southern state. (abbr.)
23. Things are always going around this.
24. This means an awful lot.
26. Personal pronoun.
28. Cathedral town in England.
29. That is. (Latin abbr.)



BLOTTO: Ah there you ole Esquimo—fish-  
ing through th' ice eh?





# FLEETWOOD

## *Creates New Custom Bodies of Thrilling Beauty*



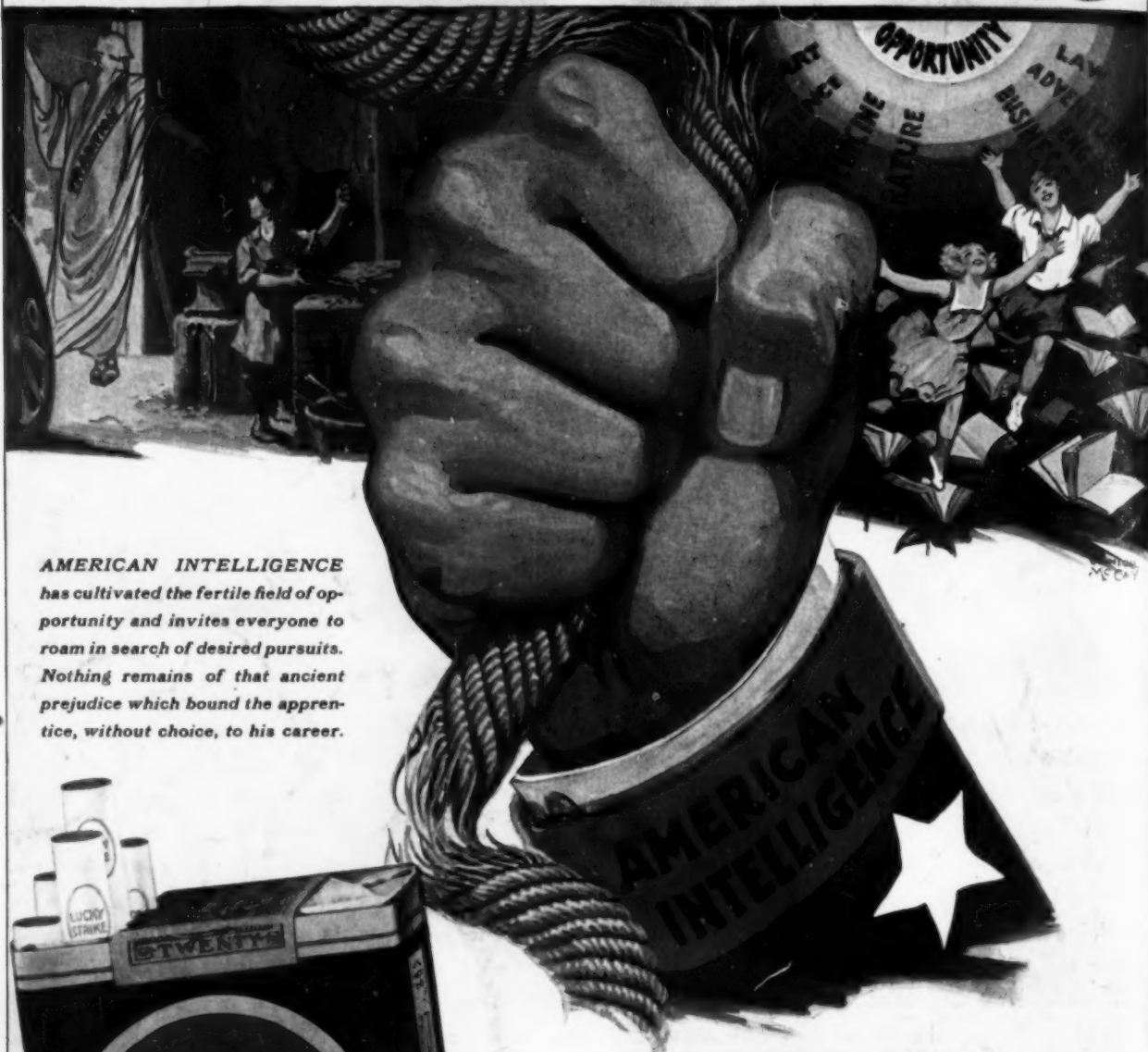
While Fleetwood itself has never heralded the fact, a large and discriminating public has long acclaimed Fleetwood the leader in custom body design. ♦ Even in Fleetwood's long history of custom body triumphs, however, there have never been created custom bodies combining such rich beauty, with strength and durability, to the degree that these fundamental attributes are combined in the new bodies which Fleetwood is building today. ♦ The

Fleetwood bodies now being built are, we believe, the highest expression of the art of the body designer and of the body engineer. ♦ In every major and minor detail which can add to comfort, convenience and safety, as well as to aesthetic satisfaction, these Fleetwood

creations register a notable advance. ♦ It is also worthy of note that, due to the combined Fleetwood and Fisher facilities and resources, Fleetwood bodies are unusual examples of investment value in the art of coachcraft. ♦ Examples of Fleetwood custom designs are on exhibit at permanent Cadillac-La Salle Salons in New York, Chicago, Detroit and Los Angeles; and the display rooms of Cadillac-La Salle everywhere throughout America.



# AN ANCIENT PREJUDICE HAS BEEN REMOVED



**AMERICAN INTELLIGENCE**  
has cultivated the fertile field of opportunity and invites everyone to roam in search of desired pursuits. Nothing remains of that ancient prejudice which bound the apprentice, without choice, to his career.



**"TOASTING DID IT"—**

*Gone is that ancient prejudice against cigarettes —Progress has been made. We removed the prejudice against cigarettes when we removed from the tobaccos harmful corrosive ACRIDS (pungent irritants) present in cigarettes manufactured in the old-fashioned way. Thus "TOASTING" has destroyed that ancient prejudice against cigarette smoking by men and by women.*

**"It's toasted"**

No Throat Irritation—No Cough.